Pac. Theo. Sem.
Reading Room

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ON! EVER ON!

Let us work on!
Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
  Nor faint, nor fear;
True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by deeds,
  Sow wide the seeds
Of toil, if we would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
Work through all barrenness, nor count the cost;
  No toil is lost;
Work prophesieth triumph: on! aye on!

—W. J. Linton.

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THE PACIFIC

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A STUDY OF WILLIAM SUNDAY.

The visit to San Francisco of William Sunday, the Evangelist, made it possible for the Editor of The Pacific to get himself out of the list of those who pass judgment on him **without** having heard him. Four out of the five tabernacle sermons were listened to from beginning to end, and there came no reversal of the previous judgment that Mr. Sunday ought not to be commended until he has eliminated some of his gross expressions and modified his theology. While his sermons in San Francisco had fewer of the objectionable expressions than they have had elsewhere, there were enough of them to make the meetings seem very irreverent.

It was distinctly noticable that whenever Mr. Sunday indulged in one of his salacious expressions he was at the very height of satisfaction. After his word picture of Cleopatra floating down the Nile "clothed only in sunshine and climate," he laughed all over.

In one sermon in which he indulged in several word pictures of nudity he had only a few minutes earlier characterized as "filth," through which he would not wade, similar pictures in some of the works of fiction.

That which he will not read and which he would not have others read he gets off with great grins of delight in a religious meeting. Boys and men laugh, girls blush, and the women—well their faces are generally inscrutable about that time. And Sunday stands there through it all, beaming and glowing—as if to say, "I have hit the mark." But, what mark? is the question.

It's the language of the street, says Mr. Sunday in excuse for these as well as other expressions. If I am going to win men for Christ I've got to use their vernacular. And preachers who would not resort for themselves to such speech allow it in him "because it brings results." Strangely enough it seems to do so. But where else in all God's universe do we find impurity producing purity, irreverence producing reverence? Is it not possible that there is some mistake as to what brings the results?

One of the ten commandments reads: "Thou Shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." But on some of the battlefields of the civil war the day was saved for the cause of the North when commanders ripped out torrents of oaths at the panic-stricken retreating soldiers, thus turning them back to victory. There are those who will say that the end justified the means. How many ministers of the gospel who justify Mr. Sunday in his objectionable utterances will justify the swearing? Not many! But the justification of the one demands logically the justification of the other. Everything in the life of Jesus and in the records of his life teaches purity of speech. Mr. Sunday acts in contravention of that teaching, indulges in allusions that would not be allowed in our sitting-room conversations; good men tone them down or seek to hide them by holding up the many excellent utterances, declare that these objectionable things are few and far between, ignoring the fact that like the mold or rotten spot in an apple they permeate the whole—and finally cap the climax by the assertion that "the end justifies the means." But sticking out most prominently is the fact that they do not really enjoy that kind of talk.

Something within them is telling them all the time that it isn't consonant with the life of the Divine Exemplar. There are very few of them who would not say quickly and emphatically, "Get out," to any man who talked that way at a reception in their homes.

Mr. Sunday is a man of great dramatic power, of considerable personal magnetism, eloquent and thrilling at times, dynamic throughout in word and in action, and our judgment, after a most careful study of the man, is that he would still win men and women in large numbers if he were to cut out all that is really gross in expression. Let him continue to be an acrobat on the platform;—there is something impressive in his baseball attitudes;—let him go on rolling off strings of those ajectives and epithets to excite the risibles of those who can be attracted and held in no other way, mayhap, even though it is all so irrelevant to the gospel message and undignified in general estimation, so contrary to what is suggested by the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, so far from what parents desire of their children in the home and at the school, but let him stop voicing and picturing on the pulpit platform that which is impure and irreverent.

Mr. John D. Barry writes editorially in The Bulletin: "When I heard Billy Sunday in San Quentin a week ago, I was chiefly impressed by his genius for 'getting next' to those prisoners. They were won, not by his culture, for he didn't have any, but by something infinitely finer, his large humanity. And his humanity expressed itself in the coarseness of phrase that revealed a warm and glowing spirit, which those men responded to and loved."

We did not hear the San Quentin address, but excerpts from it given in the daily papers indicate that while it contained much coarseness of phrase, was of such style of expression as to attract and grip men of the roughest speech by being on their vernacular level, it was free from Mr. Sunday's really objectionable utterances. If correctly reported in the daily papers, no one should object to his expressions at San Quentin. The reports indicated nothing impure or irreverent.

In his sermon Tuesday afternoon of this week Mr. Sunday omitted the objectional features and he was far more impressive and powerful than at any other time in San Francisco.

What is prayer? Why should Mr. Sunday desire to go on "praying" as he did in one of his tabernacle meetings while men and women all around him sat and laughed and couldn't help it as he grotesquely addressed God and the devil and his fellow-men in ways that took what he was saying far and away out of anything that could properly be called prayer. When he was cataloging and "praying" for the San Francisco newspapers and named one not known here and some one close to him prompted him by naming "The Call," his words were, without any change in tone,

"I said the 'Call,' Lord; I said that first." And then that advertisement which he gave himself when in one of his "prayers," he named about a score of places in which he had held successful services!

But it is not likely that Mr. Sunday will heed! He has been advised before. It is his show; he has found it to be the most popular on the road, and takes it therefore as ordered of God.

Of course as to his theology it must be admitted that it is no more antiquated than that of hundreds of other preachers. But they usually refrain from lashing their brethren who do not believe and preach as they do. Some who sat on the tabernacle platform, one night, applauded however, when Mr. Sunday denounced as liars all who believed and preached evolution. He didn't say there as he had said in the East that all such were "stinking skunks, hypocrites and liars," but he said what none should have applauded. How can Mr. Sunday expect ministers and churches to unite for his meetings and refrain from criticism of him when he deals with them in that unchristian manner? What license has he to fling himself and his most literalistic, old-time interpretations of scripture in the face of the ablest and most devout of Christian scholars and call the other devilish and hellish? It is unchristian. Nothing but monumental conceit, and what appears like an inclination to set himself up in judgment as if he were God, could lead a man to so judge and denounce others.

Grant that Mr. Sunday's preaching brings results. So also do they get results who preach with the modern interpretations. Of course, our opinion is that Mr. Sunday's theology has nothing to do with the results; and so long as he cannot believe otherwise, we have no insuperable objections to his meetings nor to his hammering away with the old-time weapons with all the intensity of his nature provided he omits along with the salacious and irreverent the denunciation of other positions and those who take them. Some day his converts will come to a knowledge of the truth as it was in Jesus. Intense conviction and positive declaration can win though that which is declared may be full of error.

Nevertheless, how few the preachers today who would stand up in their pulpits and picture the awful death bed experiences of some of the infidels of earlier generations with the intent of scaring people into the kingdom! All intelligent persons know very well that even unbelievers face death calmly today, and there are very few who would care to bring the world back to the mental agony of the past.

That picture which Mr. Sunday drew of God as unwilling, or say "unable" if you prefer, to forgive a pleading penitent sinner beyond the confines of earth, was a travesty of the Infinite Being. Some who heard it have said that if they believed it they would consecrate their lives to a movement which would pledge men and women to cease to people the earth and so to end as soon as possible the piling of them up in such a hell. The Bible says: "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever." One does not need to be a Universalist to abhor such a picture as Mr. Sunday drew. Whenever and wherever the door of return to the Father's house is closed it is man himself and not God who closes it. The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell, one of the most devout of Pacific Coast preachers, a man accepted as orthodox in all denominations, writes in his book, "Unto the Uttermost":

"Beyond the infinite and boundless reach of mercy none can pass. Infinite love can neither change nor die, but must live through eternity, eternally striving to overcome the perversity of every creature's will. The wings of the Almighty are never folded, but are always invitingly outspread that under them may be lovingly gathered those (if such there be) who in the fire of suffering have learned lessons of spiritual wisdom and have sought to return to their rest. We find the danger point in moral existence where Christ locates it,—in man himself, and not in God. The outer utter darkness, into which no blessed light of comfort enters is the darkness in which a sin-loving soul has enveloped himself. Not because of sin committed in the past which the mercy of heaven, cannot cancel; not because of any restraint of the moral faculties by which moral change is made impossible, but because of mercy eternally rejected—because of sin freely, continuously and eternally committed, does the dark cloud of condemnation settle down upon any soul, enwrapping him in the impenetrable gloom of an eternal night."

"Forever round the mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
But what if habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn!"

Never, no, never, in all God's universe, will he turn away from a repentant soul! He could not do this and continue to be God! Men may never turn to him in penitence, but if they do he will not bar them out.

Sin is an awful thing. Let us not gloss its fearful consequences either here or hereafter. But let those who preach do it in the light of Christian scholarship—that of an age in which mankind manifests more of the spirit of Jesus than at any other period in the history of the world.

The most needed message which came to Pacific Coast church circles last week was that in Dr. Aked's flaming protest against such evangelism—and which no doubt went out through the Associated Press to the entire country—when he said:

"I do not know whether one person or one hundred thousand persons can be saved by hitting the sawdust trail on Dr. Sunday's invitation. I do know that religion itself cannot be saved if preachers of our generation and of the next adopt Dr. Sunday's gospel as their own. The hope of saving religion in our century turns upon the ability and willingness of the church—in the first place, of the pulpit; and, in the second, of the pew—to restate its dogmas, recast its formularies, and reissue its message to the world in agreement with the progressive revelation in history and in science which God has given and which he still gives, and in reliance upon the ever-active operations of the Holy Spirit.

"If the pulpit and the pew substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ the gospel according to Billy Sunday, then Protestant Christianity is doomed, and man's indignant heart will turn away to find the symbols of its faith elsewhere."

There were times in his tabernacle sermons when Mr. Sunday showed that he stood on the border land of an understanding of the gospel. He got a glimpse once of the Eternal Christ, the Christ who was in the world before Jesus came and remained after he departed; the Christ who was the integrity and justice of Socrates and the wisdom of Plato; the Christ who was dimly in the heart of that heathen who said when the glad tidings fell from the lips of the missionary, "yes, that is my savior of whom you speak. Long time have I known him."

In an eloquent flight Mr. Sunday exalted Jesus as the Matchless Character—pictured in glowing words the Christ of History, to whom he pinned his faith, and yet declared that if Jesus Christ were but a fiction, he would hold to

the Ideal Christ. And why? we ask. Because to so hold and to live accordingly would be to live the abundant life which Christ came to give.

Again, Mr. Sunday declared that if the Christian religion were not of God and there were no immortality he would seek to live it nevertheless because it satisfies as nothing else does or can. It was here that he spoke out of his own experience and most convincingly.

Mr. Sunday's characterization of the doctrine of "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" as "rot" and as "hellish" shows that he doesn't understand it. One of the finest and ablest Christian thinkers of the present day says: "More and more clear it has become as men have reflected upon the relation between themselves and God that the teaching of the universal Fatherhood of God must be true; that the Parable of the Prodigal Son must give us the right view of God's relation to all his children; that there are and can be no legal or political or governmental barriers shutting any human being out of God's fatherly love, that the fact of Fatherhood cannot be canceled by the disobedience of the child; that the true father never disowns his children because of their unworthiness, but always counts them as his, even when they are in the far country, and always keeps the door unlatched and the light in the window waiting for their return. In short, it has become increasingly clear to reverent and earnest men that the central relation of God to men must be an ethical or a spiritual rather than a political relation. The great fact about him that we need most to know is not that he is our Ruler or Governor, but that he is our Father. To put the legal or forensic fact first, and make the parental and filial relation a possibility only, is to profane all our thoughts of God."

It was noticable that preachers of the gospel sat on the platform and approved of Mr. Sunday's methods who 25 years ago would not have countenanced any road to church membership and the kingdom except that of the mourner's bench. Later the way was through the inquiry room. Today they declare that it is necessary only to "hit the sawdust trail."

How true it is that "time makes ancient good uncouth"! We wonder whether the middle of the twentieth century will not see the spectacular and emotional methods of great tabernacle meetings obsolete and Christian nurture everywhere the rule.

There may yet come a time in Billy Sunday's life when he will say:

"Lord, I didn't know! My conceit made me ignorant. The seed of eternal life planted in me back there in Chicago years ago hadn't grown in me enough. I went about exhorting others to be decent, but I wasn't always decent myself, Lord! I was gross, Lord, or I wouldn't have used gross language holding it the winning thing; the grossness would have sickened me if I too had not been gross."

And then on that higher plane, with the grossness gone, and with wider knowledge of God and of human life, of the world and the universe, grateful for that to which he has evolved, realizing that life is forever evolutionary, he will press on from one lift to others beyond.

"Now are we the children of God, but it is not yet made manifest what we shall be," wrote the Beloved Apostle.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—Meredith.

WHAT SOME OF THE MODERN CHRISTIAN THINKERS ARE SAYING.

Thoughts About Man And God And Christ And Religion.

There has been quite a change in religious thought in the last few decades. It is the aim of this article to set forth some of these changes, and to show that the changed views are held by eminent men in all the denominations, and that some of these positions are becoming rapidly the accepted doctrines throughout Christendom. Consider first that of

Evolution.

The Rev. Dr. John Howard Melish, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, says: "Up to the formulation of the doctrine of evolution by Charles Darwin, and of the theory of the origin of the Hexateuch of Grof-Well-hausen, Christian thought believed in the historical truth of the narratives in Genesis of the creation and fall of man. Man, so the teaching ran, was made to enter into harmony with God; he was morally perfect and lived his life in Eden in complete communion with his Maker; then man disobeyed the command of God and fell from the state of blessed relations with him; since that fall humanity has been at enmity with God. It is this dissension which all traditional thought assumes. With deeper knowledge of the world and of the Hebrew literature modern thought has been compelled to discard the interpretation of St. Paul based on the legends of Genesis. Man was not superimposed upon this earth by God, but through divine agency has evolved from lower forms of life. He was in the beginning no more at variance with God than a newborn child is at variance with his father. As a human father leans over his baby, takes it into his arms, calls out month by month its awakening soul, keeps it close to his mind and heart, guiding, restraining, inspiring it at every step of its development, so the heavenly Father watches over and lives with and in humanity, his human child. Neither was man in the beginning more in harmony with God than is a new-born child at one with its father. At birth it is a little animal, its physical necessities dominating and determining its existence; yet an animal with intellectual, social and spiritual potentialities. It grows into spiritual relations with its father. By mistakes, disobediences, experiences good and bad, the potential nature of the child unfolds. So, humanity, the son of God, potentially capable of perfect union with the Father, has grown and is continuing to grow into at-one-ment with God.

Modern thought has discarded the teaching that in 'Adam's fall we sinned all,' and that we are 'by nature children of wrath'; but it must take into account the deep and common experience of sin. In the presence of some terrible crime men who know themselves will say with Frederick Robertson, 'the germs of the worst crimes are in us all.' Some men are even tempted to say, 'We are half beast, half devil.' Rather we are half animal and half divine."

Dr. George Harris, former president of Amherst College, declares in his recent book "A Century's Change in Religion" that Evolution has won and that there is but little or no debate about it. He goes on to say:

"It has not taken away reason or freedom or conscience or religion. The how does not diminish the what, but is only a description of the steps, the degrees, the mode of ascent from lower to higher.

"Evolution banishing the Adam theology and substituting primitive man a little higher than the animal does

not banish that for which the doctrine of the fall of Adam stood; it does not banish sin. Sin, however defined,—and it makes little difference how, whether as selfishness, as the indulgence of the sensual passions, as preference of the lower to the higher,—sin is a perversion of the moral nature. And it has a kind of universality."

"It is seen that these facts, the origin of man, slow progress, are no essential parts of religion, or rather are in no sense hostile to religion; that how man became what he is does not make him other than he is, a creature of intelligence, reason, speech, sense of obligation, consciousness of God, expectation of immortality. It might even be noticed, that the Bible goes further than evolution, for it says that God made man out of the dust of the ground.

The fact that man is organically related to the prolonged process is accepted without question, but the difference of man from other orders, the uniqueness of man in intellectual, moral and spiritual endowment is recognized also.

"The theory of evolution instead of removing God to an inconceivable distance brought him nearer. It is seen that the derivation of man from animals is as consistent with a purpose as is separate instantaneous recent creation; indeed more consistent with a purpose. A universe advancing from inorganic to organic, from matter to life, from plant and animal to rational creatures able to discern the vast movement and capable of unlimited self-improvement is not accident or blind necessity, but is best understood as a purpose, not interjected into a meaningless universe, but interwoven into its very fibre, into the warp made for the woof, and showing a wondrous pattern. It is seen that the method of God's working is but a secondary interest, that it does not touch, except to strengthen faith in God, the Father Almighty, whose children we are."

Dr. George Preston Mains, who is at the head of the great publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says in his recent book, "Christanity and the New Age": Evolution may perhaps be, as many thinkers believe it must be, accepted as the dominant philosophy of the universe. But it becomes increasingly clear that evolution is not an end in itself. It is a process which is seen to be ever working toward some goal not itself. The final goal toward which evolution works is something beyond an earth or a sun or all the starry systems.... The goal of evolution is a universe peopled with moral and spiritual intelligence. This is the final worth and significance of it all... This end evolution will continue to pursue until in the cloudless light of some coming eon man shall appear as the perfected reflection of God. **Thus the philosophy of evolution lends a measureless emphasis to the intellectual and moral values of man himself.** Man in his inherent rights, in his essential worth, in the divinity of his destiny, is coming more and more to stand in the focus of the world's best thought and service."

President Burton of Smith College wrote a valuable book a year or two ago entitled "Our Intellectual Attitude in an Age of Changing Belief." In it he wrote:

Obviously the orthodox attitude of the Scriptures establishes the traditional doctrine of original sin. But historical and literary criticism have developed an entirely new interpretation and explanation of these Biblical sources.

Biology has given us within a generation totally new conceptions of man's development. It is perfectly evident that evolution in its major contentions must be accepted. It is becoming increasingly difficult to imagine any such original state of perfection as the older doctrines presupposed. The various sciences all add their weight to this general conclusion. Astronomy, cosmic chemistry and geology reveal a world developing through long ages. Paleontology, embryology and anthropology point to unnumbered cycles and generations even before written history begins. Comparative religion reveals primitive moral conditions which argue ill for original righteousness. The whole basis of the doctrine of original sin is thus undermined and made unstable.

"The Assured Results of Science as Clearly a Revelation of God as Anything Found at First-hand in the Scriptures."

So says William Riley Halstead in a book entiled "A Cosmic View of Religion," published in 1913 by the Methodist Book Concern. We quote:

"The Scripture content is a growing content. It is a well of water fed by ceaseless currents. Fresh religious values are being sent to men through the records all the time. What fatuous blindness of church councils through the ages attempting to fix things by decrees which declare just what the Scriptures mean, so much and no more, and the future fastened down. Decretals of the Church can no more fix and limit the divine revealing than they can stop the advance of the sciences. The inbreakings of research throw new light on the ancient revealing. One of the ceaseless fascinations of the Word lies in the fact that the old truths with which we are familiar, like diamonds well-cut, show facets for a new glint of light from any direction. Would a student of science undertake to fix and limit the application of any physical principle? He may write out the law of it, but he turns it loose. He knows that the principle itself is always strengthened by its related understandings. The human mind is not permitted to play hide-and-seek with any quality of truth which may break in on it from the outstanding universe. The assured results of science are as clearly a revelation of God as anything found at first-hand in the Scriptures. Indeed, the Scriptures provide for the appropriation of their religious values when the spirit of the Word is declared to be a leader into all truth. Then, is natural truth, so called, and the wisdom which comes of experience of equal and binding force with the plain, first teaching of the Scripture message? Why not? We are obliged to obey the natural law; and if it has an ethic and a devotional voice, these are also binding. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' "

Sir Oliver Lodge On Human Destiny.

In an article on "Science and Christianity," Sir Oliver Lodge, that eminent scientist, says: "We are now beginning to realize a further stage in the process of atonement; we are rising to the conviction that we are a part of nature, and so a part of God; that the whole creation—the One and the Many and All-One—is travailing together towards some great end; and that now, after ages of development, we have at length become conscious portions of the great scheme, and can co-operate in it with knowledge and joy. We are not aliens in a stranger universe governed by an outside God; we are parts of a developing whole, all enfolded in an embracing love, of which we, too, each to each, sometimes experience the joy too deep for words. And this strengthening vision, this sense of union with Divinity,

this and not anything artificial or legal or commercial is what science will some time tell us is the inner meaning of the Redemption of Man."

Similarly, Rhondda Williams, the great Welsh preacher of London, on Redemption: "It consists in the ascent of the human spirit to power and victory through the recognition of its unity with God and the world.... When it begins to dawn upon us that in our deepest life we are one with God and the world, the processof reconciliation begins; when that is complete we have full redemption."

A Great London Preacher Says the Feeling of Separateness is an Illusion.

The Rev. Rhondda Williams, London's great Welsh preacher, writes in his article on "Redemption," from which we have just now quoted:

"The spiritual life is introduced into this world in the matrix of the physical. We begin our life with the animals on the sense plane: There is a time when the senses are everything to us. Then there emerges out of the dim unknown the first glimmerings of our mind—'shy yearnings of the savage'—a new world opens to us in mental activity which brings with it its own worth and pleasure; we rise to the life of conscious reason; we know ourselves in a realm first above the animal, and then above the lower, or primitive human. This first state of consciousness is our Adam-nature, our earth-nature, the meaning of the word 'Adam' being 'earth'. Now in Adam, i. e., in the Adam-nature, we all die. The spirit coming from its home in God into this earth-nature dies to the consciousness of God, develops the feeling that it is a separated entity, and with that pursues the interests of this separated self. The feeling of separateness is the illusion which accompanies the unfolding of individuality. Individuality is real, and nothing in our consciousness is more unquestionable. But that we are separate from God and from other men is an illusion; we only appear to be. Because we appear to be, we act much as if we were, and out of that comes all our trouble, and the sin of our mortal life.

"Sin is wilfulness, and living from self and for self. This is the kind of life described as 'death' in the Bible. It is what Jesus referred to as losing life in the case of the man who was trying to save it. The effort to save the smaller, separated life, results in losing the realization of the deeper life, the larger life. And that is death; it is the death which is the wages of sin, the death out of which certain people have claimed to pass into life, the kingdom of darkness which they left when they made their passage into the kingdom of light. To the prisoner of the lower consciousness is to be dead to the higher meaning of life, dead to the grandeur and greatness of man's destiny, dead to the knowledge of one's own soul, dead to the privileges of the divine sonship. It is true that great numbers of people are still in this sense dead or almost so. They have never made the grand discovery; they have never seen that there is a spiritual force within them by which they can burst the bands of death, and rise 'to walk in newness of life'; the real man in them is asleep. That is why they act as they do; that is why they are ever in pursuit of lower things; that is why their ambitions are material, and their lives selfish."

How Religion Begins.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, said in a sermon last year:

"All religion begins in cosmic emotion. It is the recognition of an essential relationship between the human soul and the great whole of things of which it is the outcome and expression. The mysterious universe is always calling, and in some form or other we are always answering. The artist answers by trying to express his feeling of its beauty; the scientist by recognizing its laws and unfolding its wonders; the social reformer answers by his self-denying labor for the common good. In each and every case there is in the background of experience a conviction that the unit is the instrument of the All. Religion is implied in these as in all other activities in which man aims at a higher-than-self. But religion, properly so-called, begins when the soul consciously enters into communion with this higher-than self as with an all-comprehending intelligence; it is the soul instinctively turning toward its source and goal. Religion may assume a great many different and even reppellent forms, but at bottom this is what it is: it is the soul reaching forth to the great mysterious whole of things, the higher-than-self, and seeking for closer and ever-closer communion therewith. The savage with his totem and the Christian saint before the altar have this in common: they are reaching through the things that are seen to the reality beyond."

At-One-Ment.

Writing on the Atonement, Dr. Melish, the Episcopal clergyman already quoted, says:

"In thinking of the atonement we are considering the relation between God and man is at-one-ment, or state of harmony, between the divine and the human. Shall we follow the dictionary use of the word, and assume that between God and man there has been a breach, that the human has been at enmity with the divine? It is right at this point that modern thought about the atonement parts company with traditional thought. Traditional thought has implicitly followed the line struck out by St. Paul, the path-breaker of Christian theology. He necessarily reasoned on the premises supplied by his training in the best thought of pious and learned Jews of his time, and applied them to his own experience of the grace of God. What he thus did we would do, interpreting the atonement in terms of our own thinking. If thus we are compelled to interpret it differently, it is because his premises can no longer be accepted; they belong to the knowledge which he said should be 'done away'; the necessary apparatus of modern thought must be found in modern knowledge.

"What shall we say the atonement is? It is the continuous process by which man is brought through the spirit of Christ Jesus into at-one-ment with the Universal Father. Jesus never set himself to do a new and strange work which, once done, was done for all time. He set himself to do what he saw the Father doing continuously. "As thou hast sent me into the world, so have I sent them into the world.... The glory which thou gavest me I have given them". Christ lifts up the men who are touched by him, reveals to them themselves, and inspires them with the vision of God abiding in them and working in them. When a man sees that, or is willing to trust Christ for it, setting his will to do God's will, he is at one with God, and relates himself to his fellows in a brotherly way.

"Through the person of Christ, as through a window of transparent glass, we look into the mystery of the being of God, and see in the depths of the infinite Life the facts and processes by which the reconciliation of God and the world is revealed and maintained. The ruling principle of Christ's life, in the imitation of which each man for himself, and also for every other man, lies the soul's salvation, is there seen to be the ruling principle of God's life. Consequently, the punishment of sin becomes a remedial

agency: the divine sympathy is secured to humanity in its suffering; and beneath all events and circumstances of life the divine will pursues its fatherly course of lifting men above themselves, above the conviction of sin and guilt, into the spiritual and moral life of God."

All Moral Natures Essentially One in Kind.

The clergyman quoted in the foregoing paragraphs writes also:

"When we go to Jesus himself and his teaching we find no suggestion of a natural chasm between God and man; Deity and humanity are not two alien natures, but one nature. All moral natures are essentially one in kind. Christ's prayer for men was that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee—that they also may be one in us. That oneness is a moral unity. The justice, mercy, kindness, pity, truth, which are in men are kin to the justice, mercy, kindness, pity, truth which are in God. In God is their source and perfection. In Christ there is moral oneness with the ethical purpose, the ideal, the will, the spiritual life of God. Man is God's offspring, begotten, not made. 'I and my Father are one' was true of Christ as the firstborn of many brethren, and is in possibility as the goal of spiritual life true also of his brethren."

The Fatherhood of God.

President King of Oberlin College, a present day leader in theological thought, writes in his book, "Reconstruction in Theology": "Christ's conception of God as Father must be taken as the really ruling conception, determining all else in theology."

Dr. W. N. Clarke, the eminent Baptist whose book "An Outline of Christian Doctrine" is more widely used perhaps than any other similar work, writes therein: "In the doctrine of the personal Fatherhood of God lay the exceptional power of Jesus' teaching. He set it forth most vividly in the parable of the Prodigal Son—or rather of the True Father; and in the Sermon on the Mount he made it the foundation of right living for members of his kingdom. No student should fail to study the Fatherhood of God in the Sermon on the Mount."

Dr. William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary is one of the most eminent of theologians in the Presbyterian Church. He writes: "We have a better understanding of the Gospel of Jesus, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the worth of the individual human soul, greatness through service, salvation through sacrifice, the kingdom of God as the goal of humanity—these truths so inexhaustible in their richness and freshness, are seen to be his peculiar contribution to the religious thought of the race."

We close with the following by Dr. Washington Gladden: "Perhaps you are saying 'If God is my Father, I shall surely be rescued from this pit by and by no matter what I may do; he will save me in spite of myself.' No, he will not do that, just because he is your Father. The one thing that every wise father respects is his child's personality. He will not overbear or coerce his choices, in the highest things. If our heavenly Father were a despot he might compel us to obey; he could not compel us to love. He is not a despot; he is a Father, he wants our love, and he will wait until we freely give it to him. He will let us suffer; yea, he will suffer with us, but he will not try to coerce our love."

What is here given is with the intent of starting people to thinking. We do not state whether we agree or disagree with the men whom we have quoted. With very much we do agree.

THE STORY OF ONE WHO HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL UNDER BILLY SUNDAY.

The story was told in July in the Sunday School Times. We make a condensation of it for the readers of The Pacific. It was in Scranton, Pennsylvania in April of last year, and the convert being considered hopeless Scranton was startled by his acceptance of Christ. The Rev. Dr. Howard Johnston writes:

Al Saunders was forty-three years old last August. He is a native of Wales, the son of English parents. Twenty-five years ago they came to Scranton, where as a boy of eighteen he found a kind friend who became interested in him enough to teach him to read. He had never attended school a day. His mother was a Christian, but his father was a drinking man, who some years ago became an earnest follower of Christ.

Saunders began to drink at twenty-three and rapidly descended the pathway of dissipation. In time he became a dealer in fish and oysters; but instead of taking his earnings home to his faithful, patient wife, he squandered them in drink and gambling and the usual forms of vice.

Billy Sunday went to Scranton in March of 1914. Saunders was one of many who did not want the Sunday campaign inaugurated. They feared this man and did not believe in him. One of the very first men to hit the trail was a personal friend of his, who worked near by in a wholesale market. When Saunders heard of this he decided to call on the friend to criticise him; but when he saw the expression on the friend's face he changed his mind and said, "I wish I had the backbone to do what you have done."

Days passed. Saunders and his friends were constantly arguing against Sunday and laughing at the men who "would fall for the stuff he was preaching." One day his converted friend said, "You're too big a coward to go and hear him." Finally Saunders promised to go and hear for himself. I shall let him tell the story at this point in his own words:

I got in finally, and after hearing Mr. Sunday for two or three minutes I became convinced that he wasn't the grafter that I thought he was, and that he wasn't preaching for money, but something else, and before he got through that sermon I wanted to get out. Some men offered to hit the trail if I would lead them; but I had no backbone and refused.

From that time I went to every meeting I could attend. He preached, "Chickens Come Home to Roost," and "Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out." He preached to me individually. I forgot there were ten thousand other men present. I could see and feel and hear all the chickens that I had had around me for twenty years of wasted life.

When I reached home my wife asked me what I thought of Mr. Sunday. I said he was too personal. He knew too much about other people's business. She asked if I intend to go again, and I said, "Not as long as I live!"

The next morning I was up early and said I was going to the meeting. My wife fixed me up some lunch. I stood outside for over two hours in the rain in order to get in. When the sermon was over that day I stayed to the after-meeting. Then I remained in my seat until the evening meeting.

The second night I couldn't sleep. I had to get up. I dressed myself and went out, and everything was black. I thought I'd take a drink and perhaps get to sleep. That was out of the question,—I couldn't take a drink. I was afraid of it. I went to work Monday morning, but didn't know what I was doing.

I couldn't associate with the fellows that I had been associating with. The barroom didn't seem to have any more attraction for me. I began to worry about the twenty years that had gone. I began to think of the church.

Thus I kept on until the first day of April. At the meetings I had been fighting from every angle the thought that a man could, after living the way I had lived for so long, be a man. I wanted to give up the old things. I wondered if I could forsake the old crowd, the cheap politicians, the prize-fighters, the booze-fighters, and all the old gang that used to come round every night. I had been looking around in the tabernacle to see the men who had taken Jesus Christ. There was one fellow there. We considered him so crooked that he couldn't lie straight in bed. He was a politician. When I saw him I was sure the proposition was crooked, otherwise he would'nt be there. He hit the trail. Then there was another man that I thought too small for even a booze-fighter to talk to. He hit the trail. Afterwards he said to me, "I am the old man with the same name, but with a new heart. There is something in the life of Jesus Christ for a man, and if you stick round here for a time you will find it out for yourself. He is one of the men that is dearest to me now.

Finally I made up my mind to give up and quit the gang. It was an awful fight. I realized that all those fellows would turn me down. Somehow I would have to do something else with my time. I made an effort to move, but I saw the Devil chain me fast to my seat and he whispered in my ear, "Don't make a fool of yourself! Don't let him take you! Stick!" Finally the first day of April came. When the invitation was given out I couldn't stick in my seat any longer; I got up and started down the trail. I can remember now the applause of thousands of men and women as I started. I shook hands with Mr. Sunday.

I began to see things clearer. As soon as the meeting was over I hurried out to one of the little telephone booths and called up my wife. She was in bed.

"Mother, I hit the trail!" I said.

"Praise the Lord! hurry home!"

I got a taxicab, because I couldn't wait for the street-cars. When I got home my wife took me to the kitchen, and there on the kitchen table she had collected all the booze that was in the house —and there was a lot of it. Some of the bottles had labels on them showing that they were fifteen or sixteen years old. She had the children come down stairs, and she said, "Dad, we're going to have an opening." She opened all the bottles and poured the contents out. I carried the empty bottles down-stairs to dump them into an old wine-case. And I took the old cigar-stumps and the pinochle decks and counters and burned them up.

Then we got on our knees around the kitchen table, and my wife asked me to pray.

"I can't pray," I said. "I don't know what to say."

"Dad, can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"It's so long since I have done it that I don't know whether I can say it."

I got over the first line, and I coudn't go any further. My boy, six years old, a little red-headed chap, took it up and finished the prayer.

We asked the Lord to show us the way. Jesus Christ is willing to save any man. He simply says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and that's what he gave me. He changed my life, and everything that was wrong in it he changed into everything that was right, without money and without price. He made my wife happy and glad, and he made my children happy. My daughter is proud to meet her daddy on the street now. She was ashamed to meet him before. My boys are proud of me now, and are glad to see their dad come home.

For twenty years my wife had been praying that this would happen. For several years my daddy in Virginia had been praying for me. He hadn't seen me for a long time, for I had made it so plain to him that he would be an unwelcome visitor.

It was all so wonderful that I can hardly believe it was possible. I was so anxious to tell it to my friends that I didn't know what to do. The next morning the news was in the daily papers. All of them had it on the front page, "Al Saunders has hit the trail!" A friend whom I used to take home drunk came all the way from Washington to see me. Before he went back to Washington he was a changed man. There was an old politician friend of mine from New York State. He sneaked into town for the same purpose. He was there for the afternoon meeting; his life was changed, and he went home happy.

We have a Bible in our house now. We had it there before; but it was up in the garret covered with dust. It's on the dining-room table now so that we can read it. My wife had a sewing sign in the window to keep the wolf away. We have a prayer-meeting every Friday night where every one is welcome.

The street in which we live has been changed entirely. Before the campaign there wasn't a house where the beer-man didn't do business.

And I praise the Lord that in my place of business everybody that works for me is a trail-hitter. One of them was a bartender. When he hit the trail he went back to the barroom and turned in all the keys and quit. He tried to get work, but nobody would hire him. I gave him work, and he has made good. We have a prayer-meeting in my place of business every day now, and men come in from all parts of town to that meeting every noon. Some of my old friends have come in out of curiosity and have found Christ there.

Naturally the readers of The Pacific will be interested in learning how widely God is now using Al Saunders. This is the account:

In a remarkable way God is using "Al" Saunders as a witness in many places. At this writing he has spent only four Sundays in Scranton since last April. When the ministers of Philadelphia hesitated to invite Mr. Sunday to go to that city, Mr. George Dowey brought Mr. Saunders to Philadelphia to speak to the ministers. Those who heard him were stirred with new convictions regarding Mr. Sunday's work. He is called to speak conferences, in churches, in Bible classes, and he responds to suffer in order to answer the call. But his business has prospered far beyond the old prosperity when he was living without Christ.

His labors have called him to dozens of places, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other large cities, and to many smaller towns, from Stamford, Connecticut, to Binghamton, New York, and Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The following sentence from several letters to him that I have seen tell how the leaders in these places feel about the effect of Saunders' visit:

We have added fifty percent to our Sunday-school since

you were here, and twenty-five percent to our church membership. Since your visit the church at times will not seat the congregation. This is what you helped to start here.

Our class numbering 270 may be said to be the direct result of your visit here last summer. Many souls have been brought into the knowledge and love of Christ. I knew your visit would bear fruit; but I did not dream of such returns.

Oh, that I could tell you what this town is going through since you were here. . . Some folks spent all night last Sunday under conviction.We want you to come again.

You helped the men to realize the grace of God to save them. Your experience was thrilling and your message was of God. We have had a great revival, fifty-two conversions to date.

Saunders seems to be another Moody rising to the unexpected task of winning many to Christ through the zeal that impels him to accept every offered opportunity to speak for his Master. His life is full of daily experiences of God's work of grace in the lives of all sorts of men.

At a Y. M. C. A. meeting in Scranton, where he was talking last winter, a man got up and came forward and said that Saunders had something he had been looking for for thirty years. He was from New York State; but is now a teacher in a business college in Scranton. While standing there he told the rest of the men that this was the first time any one had offered him Christ in such a way as to clear up his doubts and cure all his misbeliefs. He said he was ready to let Jesus Christ come into his heart and clean out all his bad habits, drinking, swearing, and using tobacco. This man is still in Scranton teaching, and his family are now with him.

At a meeting in Philadelphia Saunders found himself giving the invitation at the close of a service before he knew it. Eleven people came forward. One young woman remained there weeping. When he went to speak to her she said, "Oh, Mr. Saunders, I am simply crying for joy. The first man and woman who came forward to-night were my father and mother. They came to hear you, having heard about you. It is the first time they have been inside of a church in more than five years."

The number of conversions that have resulted directly or indirectly from this man's labors during the first year of his Christian life probably total more than a thousand souls. He repudiates the idea, in true humility, that he has done this, emphasizing the work of the Holy Spirit in it all. Yet he is unspeakably thankful for this manifest seal that God has placed upon his service of witnessing for the Saviour. His face beams with joy all the day.

It is not surprising that this man has learned to cultivate the ministry of intercession. He has power with God as well as power with men.

He frankly declares that he knows very little about the Bible; yet he is eager to know it so that he can use its teachings in his life and work. His pocket Testament was often in his hand as he talked. Hear him declare that "any man that starts at it and gets filled with the love of Jesus Christ for his fellow-men, will never stop. Every man has a job on his hands to do. There's a man for you to get after. You can go out and get him if you are big enough and broad enough to go to him in the spirit of love and kindness. Oh, men, I am ashamed to tell you that the men in the churches haven't been doing their duty. I'd like to know what excuse a man has for allowing his neighbor to go wrong. It's you job to go out and get the other fellow."

Such is the story of one short year. What a trophy of divine grace! What a challenge to thousands of ministers and church-members who have had advantages of which he has been deprived, to bow down in the dust before God for anointing unto similar blessed service!

THE ALLIES' MINOR PREMISE.

John Wright Buckham.

An analysis of the reasoning upon which the Allies are trying to defeat Austra-Germany would run about as follows. Major premise: Germany proposes to make conquest of all Europe and impose her soulless "Kultur" upon the world. Minor premise: The only way to prevent this disaster is to conquer her armies and reduce her to powerlessness. Conclusion: Therefore, we must summon all our forces, make all needed sacrifices to fight this War through to a finish and crush Germany.

The argument will not bear close inspection. With all honor to the sincerity and devotion of the Allied Nations, especially England, who is doing most of the thinking, their reasoning is tragically false. As to the major premise, while such is undoubtedly the aim of a dominant party in Germany it is extremely doubtful if it is the mature purpose of the German nation as a whole. But even if it were, the argument breaks down upon the minor premise. What is there, either in reason or experience, to prove that the way to correct a wrong intention is to chastise its holder until he is too weak to carry it out? That way has been tried from time immemorial. It has a certain brute effectiveness. But it fails as often as it succeeds. It is the method of rank barbarism and unreason. It is an appeal to force to do that which force, in the nature of the case, can never do —compel another to do right, against his will.

Such an attitude is unfaith to God, in humanity, in conscience and in reason. If it were a case of policing an unintelligent, irresponsible individual, or nation, it would be different. But it is not. It is a case of a strong intelligent advanced people gone astray. Does any one suppose that the matter can be righted by saying: "Go to! Germany; you are bad, mad, depraved. We who are good and sane must crush you. And we must do it by the same means you have taken against us. The only safe Germany is a dead Germany."

An attitude like that simply exaggerates the evil. It lacks intelligence. It lacks faith in humanity. It lacks Christianity. It belongs to an anti-civilized pre-national pre-Christian era. It is unworthy of our noble and enlightened kin across the sea.

This is not denying that we ourselves might have argued in our haste in the same way. It is not saying that there is no excuse for it. **Post-rem** arguments are usually made to fit the situation. But there is no reason why this false reasoning should be pursued to the bitter end, to the indefinite sacrifice of life and property.

There are noble and splendid heroisms, as well as frightful inhumanities, in this fearful war, which must call out the admiration and honor of any man who has a heart. This is probably the last great outburst of unintelligent patriotism. Patriotism of any kind is a great and holy emotion. And when one gives his life for it he is worthy of our reverence. But intelligent patriotism is far better than un-

intelligent. And the new Patriotism which says, "My country for the sake of other nations and not against them" is bound to win the day.

It is easy to decry the pacificists as dreamers and utopians, who do not know human nature and who are too innocent to understand that war is a human necessity and must be provided against (and so provided for). But common sense, economic sagacity, as well as justice, right reason, and humanitarianism are all on the side of the "terrible meek." Time will show the fearful fallacy as well as the wrong to humanity of this Great War so clearly that no generation is likely to arise reckless enough to repeat it.

The plain duty of us Americans is to keep our heads, as well as our hands, clear in this period of international insanity. It is our duty to be neither pro-German, nor pro-English—however strong may be our sympathies, but pro-human. If we can do this we shall splendidly serve both the present and the future of the race.

PASTORAL VISITING.

Editor Pacific: I hope I am not too late to record my contribution to a recent discussion from which I was barred by circumstances. I wish now to record my utter dissent from some who treated this part of ministerial duty as of slight importance.

I have been in the ministry, off and on, for more than fifty years, and I now estimate my pastoral work as the very best part of my services, for my people as well as for myself. I think it important that a minister should become intimately acquainted with his people—with the mothers and children as well as the men, and he can only do this in their homes. They will present their problems more freely at the fireside than in the vestibule of the church, the pastor can read them more deeply in the home environment, and finds opportunities to put in a helpful word that he could not do ter elsewhere. They learn also to know him and to ' him better when they meet him in this social intimacy. I have know several ministers who couldn't preach "even a little bit" in the pulpit, who nevertheless were beloved and efficient, because they were sociable. In one church which I served in the middle west, I had during the year 54 conversions in the homes counting rooms and offices of people who seldom attend church. The best friends and most efficient helpers of a minister—if he be sociable—are often found outside the circle of church goers; indifferent members are reclaimed, and the church is popularized.

For the minister himself, pastoral visiting is a splendid discipline. In the first place it takes him away from the study which becomes a "weariness to the flesh," and affords him relaxation of a kind not profitless. In the second place the study of people for which it affords his best opportunity furnishes him with the psychological material and stimulus he needs for effective pulpit work; in the third, if he be really sympathetic and earnest in it, it stimulates his own spiritual life beyond all exercises I know. Asking pardon for another personal reference, I had recently a church of small membership not enough to keep me busy. I searched out and found a number of people who recognized no shepherd—several old people who never went to church because they could not hear; one old man who had no feet and could not walk, several more or less paralyzed people who also lacked locomotive facilities, a very poor woman, with several children, who had no Sunday clothes, etc. I put them on my list of calls and did the best I could to minister to them. After visiting these people I would return home sometimes very tired, but always in a state of spiritual exaltation I never attained in any other way. If at any time I felt a little "blue," I would go out to call on some of these old folks and be more than cured.

Now with one minister who wrote as though pastoral visiting were nothing more that a sound of gossiping, I have no sympathy whatever. If it is that to him, he'd better "cut it out." He hasn't learned his business. The pastor of all men should not gossip, he must be wise, discreet sympathetic, and never a talebearer nor frivolous, otherwise he will be simply a nuisance, neither doing nor getting good, but harm. GEO. W. HENNING.

San Jose, Aug. 5, 1915.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "TWO STATUES."

Editor of The Pacific:

I read the article entitled "Two Statues" by G. D. Yoakum, in the July 21st issue of the Pacific with considerable surprise. It seemed to me an unsympathetic interpretation. Perhaps it would have been well if the sculptors of the Exposition statuary had attached to their works is a carefully written statement of the exact idea they sought to portray with its appropriate moral lesson.

If the white man, "jubilant of his success in digging the great Canal," (in which he was ably helped by the black, brown and yellow) "rides the globe round in search of fresh tasks worthy of his energy," really wants a task he has it already at hand in remedying some of his stupendous iniquities, one of which is powerfully portrayed in "The End of the Trail." It should be a very chastened joy which the white man undulges in today when the civilization of his rearing shows such clear traces of poor workmanship. To bring the "Fountain of Energy" and the "End of the Trail" into contrast, and to make the one flount his achievements in the face of the other, and that other a noble race broken, robbed and debauched, is one symptom of a racial arrogance that is inexplicable and disheartening. Such was not the purpose of the sculptors, I think, and I feel that they have been misinterpreted.

The "End of the Trail" does portray the Indian as he is. His spirit is "wrung out." "The wild free man of the forest is dead from exhaustion"; but who killed him? He is "lazy" and filled with "lawless desires"; but who is responsible? Is he today the product of his own will or of the white man? To despoil a proud, vigorous and independent people, to reduce them to beggary, to break their will by violence and injustice and to condemn them to such lives as they now lead is bad enough; but what shall we say of their conqueror "who rides like a bacchanalian" and "flaunts his surplus energy before the world?"

To say that the "Fountain of Energy" represents the race which, by its rude and half-blind force has achieved its "full palaces of material goods," and is now, with clearing vision, turning to the task of restoring somewhat of the ancient virility and independence to the types represented in "The End of the Trail," would come nearer the mark. We are not so proud of the "full palaces of material goods" as were some of the passing generation. We are beginning to see their cost.

It is a pity that some wealthy person with charitable inclinations does not present, suitably framed and prepared for for hanging—to all ministers, editors, teachers and writers, a copy of "The Recessional." It seems to have

been forgotten. It it quite evident to one who knows the white man and his works that "the voluntary binding of the proud necks to the irksome yoke" needs to be continued for some time to come. Industrial America and Europe should prove to the average observer that the "ages of self-restraint and discipline" have not done their perfect work.

W. A. Stirling Calder's fountain "full of aquatic feeling," crowned with an equestrian statue is about as logical as Mr. Yoakum's "contrast"; but whereas Mr. Calder's is, to some critics, an artistic shortcoming Mr. Yoakum's mistake seems to indicate a lack of sympathy and imagination.

RAY F. CARTER.

July 25, 1915.

NOXIOUS SUBSTITUTES FOR VODKA IN RUSSIA.

Since the imperial decree of last August prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in Russia went into effect there have been so many deaths and cases of blindness due to various substitutes for vodka that alarm on the subject is felt, says a New York Sun correspondent. The Government has already altered the original ukase in certain provinces and now is contemplating a general modification which will permit the sale of beer and light wine throughout the empire. It is thought that by making beverages of this character available the use of deleterious concoctions may be stopped. At an Imperial Cabinet meeting Prince Shachowsky, Minister of Finance, recommended that the sale of beer and light wine containing not more than 16 per cent of alcohol be permitted.

"After the Government liquor stores were closed on October 13, when the prohibition decree became effective, many illicit saloons and distilleries sprang up and sold secretly all kinds of substitutes for vodka. These beverages for the most part were composed of wood alcohol and denatured alcohol extracted from varnish and lacquer, spices, snuff, dry yeast, cider and wild hops. The consumption of these substitutes has been increasing and they are proving a source of serious danger. Of course it is the wood alcohol that does the chief harm.

"Of the various noxious concoctions that are being drunk in Russia one is 'kvasok.' It is made of cider, wild hops, dry yeast, wood alcohol and snuff. This stuff is sold in large quantities. Another of the substitutes is 'khanza,' of which the chief ingredients are red pepper and other strong spices along with wood alcohol.

"These substitutes are for the poorer classes. People better off have resorted to such things as cologne and tincture of valerian. In some places conditions have become so deplorable that pharmacists have applied to the authorities to regulate the sale of substitutes for vodka, although the increased demand has meant extra profits. In other districts the medical authorities promoted the Government officers to post notices in all public places warning the population about the dire results of drinking the substitutes for vodka.

"As far back as last November the Russian daily newspaper Novy Mir published an article in which the following statement was made: 'On account of the prohibition of the sale of liquor there has grown among the population a great demand for denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, varnish and denatured alcohol. From Kieff it is reported it necessary to prohibit the sale of these articles. But notwithstanding this order there have been appearing daily in the local news numerous items about poisonings from varnish and denaturated alcohol. From Kieff it is reported that there appear daily numerous cases of poisonings from drinking varnish, eau de cologne and denaturated alcohol and that half of the cases result in deaths."

The Nijegorodsky Listok of Ninjy Novgorod printed the following interview with a revenue official: "With the permission by the Government of the sale of denaturated alcohol the fight against drunkenness has become more difficult. In spite of the great number of casualties resulting from the consumption of denaturated alcohol its sale is not decreasing. People invariably drink denaturated alcohol with cider which is mixed with different spices. Only ten days ago the police registered ten deaths due to drinking denatured alcohol. Recently he gave a license to a cemetery guard to buy quantities of denatured alcohol for technical use. We have since discovered that he has been conducting a regular traffic in it, selling it mixed with cider."

Here are some items taken from Russian newspapers which illustrate the danger arising out of the present situation:

"In Pskov a party of eight were poisoned through the consumption of varnish and eau de cologne, which they drank in the absence of vodka. Seven of the party died.

"In Petrograd, unable to buy vodka, V. Shaskov, 46 years old, drank eau de cologne and died on the way to hospital. A. Zelentzon, a tailor, drank denatured alcohol and was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition."

"At Kursk a party of petty officers of the engineering corps in Belgorod discovered a place where they could get wood alcohol. They went off on an orgy with the result that P. Pelukhov, S. Lozkin, A. Zavaritsky, N. Markov and F. Lyanin are dead. The other five officers are seriously ill."

"At Kieff, in the Luklanov police district, the police found found an unknown man on the street in an unconscious condition. Notwithstanding the immediate aid given him the doctor could not revive him and he was taken in an automobile to the hospital. There he was revived, but shortly after began to bleed, and he died from convulsions. An analysis showed he was poisoned from drinking varnish."

"At Nijny Lomow ten soldiers died from drinking wood alcohol. The district court sentenced the pharmacist, Yanyeyev, to six months at hard labor for selling wood alcohol to the soldiers."

"K. Vensyllynien, a Finlander, drank two flasks of eau de cologne instead of whiskey, and died."

In Rostov alone, according to the Ryetch of Petrograd, there have been registered during the past five months twenty-eight cases of deaths from the consumption of denaturated alcohol.

Dr. F. F. Tcharnetzky, one of the best known physicians of Moscow, gave a detailed account of the effects of denatured alcohol and varnish on the human system in the paper entitled "Poisonings from Denatured Alcohol and Varnish in Moscow," which he read at the congress of neuropathologists and psychiatrists held in Moscow last Februa ry. He said:

"Since the prohibition of the sale of liquor at the end of August there has appeared a new type of cases at the Central Moscow Hospital and other hospitals—poisonings from denatured alcohol and varnish. Among the patients were women. Many of those who were brought to the hospitals with bad cases of poisonings died after several days, while others were cured, though their cure was very slow.

"An analysis of the symptoms displayed by these patients showed that they were similar to those seen in meningitis or progressive paralysis. Those poisoned from varnish and denatured alcohol suffer general physical weakness; their gait is unsteady, their conversation is incoherent, the pupils of their eyes grow large and do not react to light, they suffer spasms of the body, breathe heavily and the beatings of their heart are irregular.

"In some cases there was observed a derangement of the organs of sight; memory and imagination were impaired; they had difficulty in swallowing and were overcome with drowsiness. Such patients required careful treatment. The use of the denaturated alcohol and varnish began shortly after the closing of the Government liquor stores. The patients said they took to grape wine whenever possible; from wine they turned to varnish, and later on to denaturated alcohol as a cheaper substitute.

"Consumers of denatured alcohol filtered it in many different ways. It is very interesting to note that recently there has appeared in Moscow 'specialists' with a more effective means of distilling this liquor. These 'specialists' introduced among the people a peculiar prescription of their own making—a drink called 'khanza.' Patrons of these distillers consumed 'khanza,' diluting it with cider, and when after a few draughts their desire for drinking increased they commenced to imbibe denatured alcohol unrefined. All this finally leads to dangerous sickness and death."

In Petrograd the Ophtalmological Society appointed a special commision to devise ways and means for combating the increased consumption of denatured alcohol, eau de cologne and other liquids, the use of which causes blindness. The commission was composed of Drs. M. E. Reich, I. S. Pelzer and V. N. Yeleonskaya. It held a number of sessions and questioned physicians of the Petrograd Eye Hospital, who treated cases of poisonjng by denatured alcohol, eau de cologne and varnish.

In its report at a meeting of the Ophtalmological Society held at Petrograd on May 7 the commission said "that in the Petropavlovsk and Obukhovsk hospitals there were treated up to April, 1915, 2,882 persons with cases of partial blindness due to the use of denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, varnish, &c. Of this number twenty-seven died. In the eye wards of two prominent Petrograd hospitals there were treated during the same period 138 persons with the complete loss of sight or in various stages of blindness."

The society adopted the following recommendations which were made by the commission: that a law be enacted providing for the labeling of all articles containing wood alcohol as follows: "Contains Wood Alcohol—Poison"; that wood alcohol be eliminated from the liquids used in denatured alcohol and from all drugs sold without the prescription of a physician, and that the laws be made so stringent as to make it difficult to obtain wood alcohol and all liquids containing it.

All the medical societies have during the past few months been hard at work trying to get people to abstain from drinking these deadly beverages. They are making use of public lectures and special literature, which has been distributed in large quantities. There is hardly a medical congress or a session of a medical society in Russia at which the question of alcohol poisoning is not on the order of business.

As a result of the activity of the medical societies the sale of wood alcohol has already been prohibited in some places. In other places the sale has been regulated. In Kieff, for instance, the Governor issued an order providing for the sale of varnish and lacquer only in specified places, which will be under strict police supervision. The storekeepers also are compelled by the order to make an entry of each sale.

The following item from the Novy Mir is typical of the news items relating to the prohibition orders issued by the authorities checking the sale of eau de cologne:

"Saratov—The consumption of eau de cologne since the prohibition of the sale of liquor has become so great that the Governor of Saratov issued an order to all pharmacists prohibiting the sale without a prescription under the penalty of 3,000 rubles."

Among the many requests of pharmacists to regulate the sale of different drugs the following story appearing in the Novy Mir is typical:

"Yaroslav—The local pharmacists have applied to the State Medical Board with a request to regulate the sale of eau de cologne, tincture of valerian and other similar sought for drugs. They found it necessary to take this step in view of the large demands for these drugs, which have sprung up since the prohibition decree went into effect,"

The foregoing shows with what a people has to contend whenever prohibition is inaugurated. Our own judgment is that it were better to let men poison themselves by these noxious drinks than for Russia to take any backward step. More persons would be killed by alcoholic drinks than in this way.

JAPAN CAPTURING FAR EAST TRADE.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Singapore:

The fact that Japanese commercial houses are taking every conceivable advantage of conditions afforded them as a result of the European war is becoming increasingly apparent to the general business community in the East and rapidly causing grave alarm to British manufacturing interests.

For years previous to the outbreak of hostilities they had endeavored, with little succes, to introduce their goods into markets in which European manufacturers specialized. Now that British naval supremacy has eliminated German and Austrian trade from the high seas they have not been slow in availing themselves of the excellent opportunity thus offered to increase their sphere of action and to establish themselves firmly in the market for commodities in which these competitors previously held practically a monopoly. It is a matter for deep concern on the part of British manufacturers that they have not confined their entire attention to the capturing of enemy trade, but have taken advantage of the strain lately placed on shipping (with the ensuing rise in freight rates) and have seriously encroached on British markets.

The Japanese are nothing if not up to date. Japan of today is not Japan of twenty-five years ago. Tokio, Yokohama, and all the larger towns are now industrial centres in the true sense of the word. There is no port in the East in which her large companies, such as the Mitsui Bussau Kaisha, do not possess agencies. Moreover, she has a considerable and efficient mercantile marine, a fact which has meant much to Japanese development and which constitutes an additional advantage at the present time by en-

abling her to undercut European lines at the high freight rates now prevailing. Every indication points to the German and Austrian interests having little, if any, chance, of re-establishing themselves after the war. Indeed, it will necessitate a combined effort on the part of the manufacturers of the United Kingdom to prevent this new industrial power from acquiring control of the Eastern markets.

The range of Japan's commercial activities appears to be unlimited. She has even essayed to compete with such an essentially British industry as textiles. Cloths manufactured in Japanese mills are now being marketed in Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, &c., and are finding a ready sale owing to their low price. Imports of Japanese beer into India for the first quarter of 1915 increased 5.000 per cent. over the similar period of the previous year. She already has the monopoly of rubber latex cups, of which hundreds of thousands are used annually in Ceylon and the Federated Malay States.

Commercial firms in the Far East admit openly that Japanese goods have come to stay. However, it is to be feared that their introduction has not been accomplished along strictly honest lines. Incidents have been brought to light repeatedly during the last few months of the imitation of various copyright trade-marks and shipments of goods are almost universally inferior to samples. A striking instance in this connection is that of a certain brand of cigarette papers manufactured in Austria and marketed under the name of "Racehorse Brand." These papers enjoyed an immense popularity among the natives of the Malay Peninsula, Java, and India, who refused to purchase any other make. This, however, did not affect the dauntless Japanese, for he promptly brought out papers having an identical make-up and identical trade-mark, correct in every detail, even to the words "Made in Austria" upon the label.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

There will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

Pacific Theological Seminary opens for the year next Monday. Opening services at 11:00 o'clock. Address by Professor McCown on "The Recovery of Jesus."

Miss Grace Wyckoff, an American Board missionary to China, passed into the other life in a hospital in San Francisco on Monday of this week. Along with her twin sister, Miss Gertrude, she had come only recently from the foreign field.

The Rev. Horatio B. Newell, an American Board missionary to Japan, accompanied by Mrs. Newell, is en route to the Matsuyama field after a vacation in the homeland. They will be in San Francisco at 830 Turk street until their vessel goes on the 28th.

ANNUAL MEETING OF CALIFORNIA ORIENTAL MISSION.

In accordance with a vote of the Board of Directors, the adjourned Annual Meeting of the California Oriental Mission will be held in connection with the business session of the Northern California Congregational Conference on the afternoon of Thursday, August 26th.

Business to come before the meeting will be the election of president, secretary and five other directors, and action on a proposal to transfer all property now held by this corporation to the American Missionary Association in trust for the maintenance of work among Orientals.

GEO. W. HINMAN, Secretary.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF RELIGION.

The Summer School of Religion held at Pacific Theological Seminary was truly an Interdenominational School. The teaching force represented four denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian. The 110 students were from nine different denominations. Besides one Christian Science reader and two practioners, six foreign missionaries and fifteen theological students there were fifty ministers enrolled. These were from seven denominations, distributed as follows: Baptists 6; Congregationalists 11; Disciples 6; Episcopalian 1; Methodists 12; Presbyterians 12.

The courses were as follows:

1. Re-valuation of the Bible.
   Professor William Frederic Bade, Ph. D. Pacific Theological Seminary.
2. Our Enlarging Thought of God and the World (2 courses)
   Professor John Wright Buckham, D. D. Pacific Theological Seminary.
3. Life and Significance of Christ.
   Professor Chester Charlton McCown, Ph. D. Pacific Theological Seminary.
4. Christianity and the Redemption of Society (2 courses)
   Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, D. D. Rochester Theological Seminary.
5. Religious Doubts and Difficulties of Modern Men.
   Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, D.D., Berkeley, California.
6. Ideals and Methods in Religious Education (2 courses)
   Rev. Henry Frederic Cope, D. D. Secretary Religious Education Association.
7. Moral Leadership for High School Boys.
   Professor Charles Edward Rugh, M. A. University of California.
8. The Church in the Rural Community (2 courses),
   Rev. Warren H. Wilson, D. D. Superintendent Country Church Work, New York City.

An open meeting was held near the close of the summer session where students were given an opportunity of expression. In rapid succession unsought testimonies of grateful appreciation were offered. These evidently sincere expressions would seem to be conclusively convincing that the school had been supplying a great need.

TRUE POLITENESS.

A little boy was sitting at dinner at a friend's house. He was too small to cut the meat for himself and his mother was at the other end of the table, but a lady sitting next to him offered her help.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "that is, if I can cut it the way you want it."

"Thank you," answered the little boy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."—Apples of Gold.

The Home.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side,
Only the soul that knows, the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrow comes
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.
—Edwin Markham.

A WOMAN'S WORST EMOTION.

The amount of worrying one does bears no relation whatever to the number of things one has to worry about. if there is no real draft to set the worrier a-worrying an imaginary draft will serve the purpose just as well.

The conscientious person who has been told that she is hurting herself through worry resolves to stop the practice at all costs. But, she asks herself, will she be able to keep her resolution? May not the tax upon her will-power be more than she is equal to? And if she should fail, despite the utmost she can do, how humiliating it would be! She shuts her teeth tight, sighs, and—begins to worry over it.

Worry has its cause in internal, not in external, things A mind that is thoroughly fresh and vigorous rarely succumbs to it; but a mind that is tired out or depressed makes a fertile seeding ground. It reminds one of the way in which a fatigued body yields to an infectious disease. The fatigued man does not have a larger number of typhoid bacilli in his drinking water than his unfatigued neighbor, nor breathe a more polluted atmosphere as he walks through the dusty street; it is merely that his resistance power is lowered.

The Typical Worrying Woman Is Not Beautiful to Look At.

There are worry germs—potential worries, each of them—entering our consciousness every day; but so long as our minds are full of health and energy we are practically immune. Some day, however, when we are running on low reserves, the germs begin to thrive, and once the disease has become fixed it is terribly hard to eradicate.

Great fatigue destroys our capacity for the big, highly colored emotions. I have seen people—and dogs—too tired to get angry, even when there were the best cause for it in the world. There are times when the most glorious music leaves us quite untouched. But, generally speaking, fatigue and the pale emotion of worry go hand in glove. And the worst of it is that worry, instead of burning itself out, like any of the more violent emotions, appears to thrive and increase the more it gets expression. It becomes chronic. You can worry more and worry harder the second day—or week—than you could the first.

The typical worrying woman is not beautiful to look at. She stands badly. Her shoulders droop, she is flat-chested, and the abdomen is thrust forward, destroying every line of bodily grace . Clothes canont be made to fit that figure. Her face is in accord; the eyebrows are habitually drawn together—not knotted as in a frown, but obliquely elevated. Between the eyes are sharp vertical wrinkles. The facial contours are overpronounced; the mouth is set in a thin, drooping line, the lips nervously compressed, as if steeling themselves against—or for—trouble. That is the Martha face. Cosmetics and facial massage do not help it much.

If worry ever accomplished anything worth while it would be easier to look upon it with charity. But we all know how that is. A pianist who worries about a difficult passage will be doubly liable to have trouble with it. An actor who has once forgotten his lines at a critical point and begins to worry about recalling them next time is paving the sure way to stage-fright.

Worry hits at efficiency all along the line. A familiar laboratory experiment illustrates this fact on another side. There is a chemical substance, subnitrate of bismuth, which can be introduced into a cat's stomach without injury. It is impervious to the X-rays; and so, if a cat is given a meal which contains a certain amount of it, the workings of the digestive organs can be observed with an X-ray machine. It has been demonstrated that so long as Pussy is kept in a worried state of mind—disturbed by trifles, such as teasing, tickled nose, change of position and the like—the stomach does no digestive work. The rhythmical contractions do not take place, the gastric juices do not flow, everything is at a standstill. Pussy's mind must be at rest if she is to avoid indigestion. All of which lends color to the tradition about care and a cat.

Worry Takes the Tone Out of the Whole Organism.

Except the muscular system no part of the body is so much under the influence of states of mind as is the alimentary canal. The whole business of the food-supply, from the primary question of normal appetite to the final question of assimilation and the disposal of waste products, is at the mercy of one's mood.

This worry is one of the most undesirable of the undesirable emotions, for though not violent—it does not "shock" the system like anger—it is terribly persistent, and in the end takes the tone out of the whole organism, physical and mental. As a matter of fact, worry is a kind of dilute mixture of several bad emotions. Fear is the largest ingredient. The worried person is always afraid of something or other—of the possible results of his taking cold, or missing a train, or making a bad investment. In the settled chronic form of worry there is an element of dejection (a grief emotion), too, a deep-rooted feeling that things are bound to go badly. And this is often accompanied by a sort of dull resentment—an irritability—which is like nothing so much as a thin, driveling, washed-out anger. Not an especially flattering diagnosis, but it gives us a hint of what we have to deal with.

Good resolutions do not avail to correct the habit of worry any more than they avail, by themselves, to get us safely through an emotional crisis of the more tempestuous kind. The good resolution only nails one's mind to the worry—makes the existence of that evil thing more conspicuous, more reprehensible, more unassailable. Bad mental habits are rarely to be conquered by such means. The only kind of campaign which can be counted upon to succeed against them is one which leaves them severely alone—which manages to get the attention fixed on some thing else. Then the bad habit is pretty sure to fade away and disappear from view. The problem, in other words, is one of finding the right counter-interests.

Digestive Trouble—Worry; Worry—Digestive Trouble.

A certain young man of unusual ability overworked during his last year in college. He won a great number of distinctions, but it was at the cost of that unconscious and reliable good health which is among a man's most enviable assets. The next year, in graduate school, it became clear that he must pay some particular regard to his bodily condition, and this deliberate regard (under a doctor's orders) took the form of small daily pills for constipation, a certain specified amount of exercise, and a carefully balanc-

ed schedule of daily work—so many hours for this, so many for that.

The result was not what he hoped for; he could not understand it, and he fell to worrying about it. Worry made him worse. He needed more pills; he had to be more and more particular about what he ate. His exercise fatigued him more than at the start; he could not sleep at night, and he came to the conclusion that he was going slowly but surely downhill, that before long he would be out of the race. It was useless to try to brace him up; he looked upon his friends with suspicion, as if they offered him the professional good cheer of a hospital visitor.

In its general outlines that is the record of thousands of cases. It simply follows the familar downward spiral; digestive trouble—worry; worry—digestive trouble; round and round without a break, and everything on the bad slant.

And the worst feature of it was this sad, almost martyr-like, conviction on the part of the young man that he was doing everything for himself that mortal power could do. Had he not sought a physician's counsel? Was he not making religion of dumb-bells? I can see him now, with that earnest, set look on his face, as he went scrupulously through the list of his exercises—one, two, three, four; click, clack, click, clack, every morning. It was very dismal, and my only justification for relating the incident is that the final outcome was incontrovertibly pleasant.

It so happened that the young man fell in love with a woman older than himself, and wiser (though not in book-learning), and they were married. By the end of a year—I had seen him in the meantime—a great change had taken place in him. His cadaverous face was filled out into lines of health. There was a look of success and ambition in his eye that had been entirely quenched; his step was elastic and firm; his whole outlook on life was altered. He had given up the little pills. He had—incredible as it may seem—even given up the regular, carefully-calculated exercise. He was working fully up to the average number of hours and making a fine record. This transformation had been brought about by the most common-sense and, at the same time, scientific methods, in the world. His wife had understood what was the matter with him, and she had used all her wisdom and tact—of which she had considerable—to set things right.

"I made him let me do his worrying for him," she said, in a personal conversation, "and I then forgot to do it. I got him to take me out often for good times—to the park, or the theatre, or to dinner in some inexpensive restaurant where there was music and laughter. Then I discovered a lot of carpentry jobs that needed doing about the apartment; he developed into quite a carpenter, and, really, he thought it was great fun. You'd be surprised to see how interested he got in making a set of shelves. The trouble was, you see, that he'd entirely forgotten how to enjoy life, and he had to learn all over again."

The difference in the two ways of getting at his trouble was that the first followed the formal, professional "treatment" idea, while the second simply restored natural, wholesome, every-day conditions of life. There are practical suggestions here for all of us. In the first place there is that concrete "handle" of the emotional life—the voluntary muscles. It is quite within our power to stand up straight, hips well balanced, chest out ("chestiness" is hardly compatible with great depression of soul!), breathing deep and full, neck against the back of the collar—meaning an erect, confident spine—eyes straight ahead instead of slipping sheepishly along the ground.

We know how an unworried person acts and talks, and we can imitate him. We can sing as we go about the house, and say good morning with a fine dramatic unction which will take in all the people around us. Then they will treat us as if we were normal human beings like themselves, and that is just as we want to be treated. The tonic effect of being considered "like other people" is surprising; and another surprising thing is the way one's mind really follows and conforms to one's attiudes, becoming erect and self-confident as the spine and neck and chest become so.—Halsey Gulick, M. D.

For The Children.

CARL'S DIRTY HANDS.

Carl Linton never liked to wash his hands and his mother had to keep close watch to see that he did not go to the grocery store or to the neighbors with them dirty. When he was old enough to go to school she said, "Now, Carl, you must keep your hands clean, for Miss Wylie will not want to teach a boy that has dirty hands."

For a few weeks Carl washed his hands faithfully, then he forgot about doing it. He wanted a fresh waist every day, he liked his trousers nice and neat and his shoes shined, but often he was dirty as coal," his mother declared, and she felt almost discouraged over him.

When Carl learned to read well, he wanted to take books from the library, so he got an application blank for his father to sign. It was a proud and happy day when he took the application blank his father had signed back to the library and exchanged it for a card that had his own name on it, and would give him the right to take books.

"We have a little pledge that all children take when we give them a library card," Miss Williams, the children's librarian told him. "I will say it and you repeat it after me. I promise to be quiet in the building; to have my hands clean, so I will not soil the books; to try not to tear the books, and to obey all other rules of the library.

When Carl reached home he told his mother about the pledge. "Miss Williams says if a child does not keep the pledge his card can be taken from him. I intend to keep the pledge; I like Miss Williams, for she is so pretty and sweet; and I want to do as she asks; then I like to read, so I do not want my card taken from me."

One day Carl saw a whole shelf of new books, with pretty light covers, and such nice stories and pictures that he chose one.

"You will have to be very careful of these nice, new books," Miss Williams reminded him, as she stamped it. "I think I can trust you, can't I?"

"Yes'm," and Carl straightened up to show he meant it.

Three days later he took the book back, and Miss Williams saw the print of a grimy hand on the cover. She glanced through the book and found many pages had finger marks on them. "Why, Carl, I am sorry you have soiled this new book," and she showed it to him. "You used it when your hands were dirty, and it was new and clean. John Dawson had one of the new books and just see how nice he kept it; there is not a spot of dirt on it. Let me see your hands."

Carl felt very much ashamed of the two black hands that he held out. How he wished he had washed them before he left home!

"A boy with hands like those can not have a book. The

water is turned off here to-day because of a broken pipe, but you must go somewhere and wash your hands; I will give you a book then."

Carl was disappointed, for the very book he wanted was on the table. He ran as fast as he could to his uncle's store and scrubbed his hands until they were white. When he reached the library again the six o'clock whistles had blown and the children's room was closed. As he turned away two big tears rolled down his checks, followed by others.

"Did you get the book you wanted?" Mrs. Linton asked, as Carl came into the house.

Carl shook his head. "My hands were dirty and the water was turned off in the library, so I had to go to Uncle John's store to wash them, and it was too late to get a book by that time," he sniffed.

"I am sorry that Miss Williams saw you with such dirty hands. It is too bad that you did not get a book, but perhaps this disappointment will teach you to keep your hands clean," his mother told him.

"It will," declared Carl, and from that day he did keep his hands clean.—Sarah N. McCreery in Herald and Presbyter.

A STRAIGHT LINE.

Robbie was working away at his drawing lesson. Presently the teacher came around to see what progress he was making.

"Look here, Robbie," she said, "that line isn't straight."

"No, it isn't quite straight, I know," answered Robbie, "but I can fix that up later."

"A straight line never needs straightening," said the teacher, quietly, as she turned away to look at the work of another scholar.

That simple remark which the teacher made set Robbie to thinking. "A straight line never needs straightening." How much better, then, to make the line straight, rather than to draw a crooked line, which would have to be straightened afterward. Besides, a line that has been partly rubbed out and then made straight, never looks quite so well as a line that is drawn perfectly true and straight the first time. So Robbie made up his mind that hereafter he would try to draw the straight lines straight the first time.

A thing that has been done right does not need to be done over again. When we speak the truth we do not have to stop and correct what we have said. Let us try to do and say things in the right way the first time, and we shall find that life is easier, and we shall make far better progress than when we do or say the wrong thing first. Let us always remember that a "straight line never needs straightening."—Apples of Gold.

EXCUSES AND UMBRELLAS.

John's mother asked him if he had gone on the errand she had mentioned half an hour before. As she had suspected, John was ready with his regular form of excuse.

"Well, there, if I didn't forget all about it," he exclaimed in vexed tones. "But if Bess had not bothered me to help her with that example I'd have gone and been back long ago." His reproachful glance fell upon the offending little sister. An older sister looked up and laughed.

"John," she said, "you use excuses just as some people use an umbrella. They shield you splendidly, but the nearest one to you usually gets the share you escape."

There was a general laugh, and even John grinned sheepishly, for he saw the point.—Ex.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words make people good-natured. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.—Pascal.

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